

"Lisa, Jazzwoman" by Lee Buck

Blackboard gag: I will not use my underwear as the American flag

Couch Gag: The Angel Simpsons fly in. Then, the TV says 'Next on FOX' and they turn to devils.

(Skinner is on the platform, in front of all the children.)

SKINNER: And, on Thursday assembly, we will be holding, ahem, Springfield-oh, SPRINGFIELD Elementary's Music Festival With Real Life Judges, MFWRLJ. EVERY student will

have a musical instrument, which they will all play for 30 seconds only on Thursday. EVERYONE will take part. As I said, we will have REAL LIFE JUDGES, well, only one. Ahem-hem.

The judges will be; (Skinner takes a piece of paper from his pocket) Mayor Diamond Joseph

Quimby! (Cheer from children, Quimby waves) Chief Clancy Wiggum! (Cheer. Wiggum waves)

Judge Snyder! (Cheer! Waves.) And, because she demanded it, Mother! ("Who?" from audience)

Oh, sorry. Agnes Skinner! (Cheer, waves) Herschel Shmoikel Krustofski! (Cheer from Bart and

Lisa. "Who?" from audience) Better known as Krusty The Klown! (Cheer, wave) And, lastly,

heh-heh, Seymour J. Skinner! ("Boo!"s from audience, wave)

KID: Ya mean Armin Tamzarian!

SKINNER: Snyder. Get'im. (Snyder drags the kid out of the assembly hall. Death screams

are heard. Snyder walks in and sits down again.) As I was saying, the judges will choose Lisa Simpso- ahem, the best child to get a big chance for STARDOM! And FAMOUSALITY!

LISA: Um, Principal? 'Famousality' isn't a word.

SKINNER: But Ralph wrote it in his work-well, anyway, get practising!

BART: SEYMOUR! School's out! (Children cheer as they run out)

(The Simpsons are at home.)

LISA: SO, Bart, what are YOU doin'?

BART: Don't you worry. You'll find out on Thursday.

(Bart runs to his room. Lisa hears armpit noises.)

LISA: Well, Bart can play his disgraceful instrument, but I prefer the touch of my baritone saxophone!

(The image of the calendar appears. The days from Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday pass. It finally turns once more, and stops at Thursday.)

SKINNER: Well! It's time for our MFWRLJ! Well. (time passes. Images flick of Lewis, Richard, Wanda and Janey). Next, we have Martin Prince! (Martin plays a tune on the triangle.) Well, judges? (The judges hold up numbered cards.) So, that's their 5 add my 1 equals. lemme see. 5 apples. I buy another leaves me with. 6! Next up. Wendell Borton (Time passes) Sherri and Terri Wanderer dueting together (Time goes) Milhouse Van Houten. Dolph Smith. Kearney Jordan. Corky Jones. Nelson Muntz. Bartholomew Jo-Jo Simpson! (Bart plays the National Anthem with his armpit) Well, that's. 59! 59 out of a possible 60! WOW! Well, next Ralph Wiggum! (Ralph plays one note.) Wow. (Wiggum holds the gun at the judges) 59! WOW! Well, done, Ralphie!

RALPH: Wow! I won! I won! I won! I won! I wo- (Ralph falls) ow! WAH!

SKINNER: It looks like Ralph is out! Bart is our winne-

LISA: HEY! Whatta'bout me?

SKINNER: Oh, here we go. Welcome our winner, Lisa-Marie J. Simpson! (Lisa plays 30 seconds of Jazzman) (Many cheers) Well, $10 + 10 = 20$, $+ 10 = 30$, $+ 10 = 40$, $+ 10 = 50$, $+ 9 = 59$! 59! It's a Simpson draw!

LISA: What happens in case of draw?

SKINNER: Well, we thought you'd win for sure, so, Ip, dip, dog sh*t, fu***** bas***d, silly g*t, you are not IT! (Finger points at Bart)

LISA: I win. Woo-hoo. No surprise.

SHERRI & TERRI: We still love you, Bart! (The twins kiss Bart, stripping)

(At home.)

MARGE: Wow! MY GIRL! Star! Oh, let me picture this! Lisa-Marie J. Simpson,
STAR!
Daughter of Marjorie J. Bouvier-Simpson!

HOMER: Daughter of Homer Jay Simpson!

BART: Sister of Bartholomew Jo-Jo Simpson! (Maggie enters, with her Etch-A-Sketch. It says And Sister of Margaret J. Simpson)

LISA: Well, maybe I don't wanna be a star! I had a book and I became a partner with Otto (SIMPSONS COMICS!)! BOTH ended badly. Well, I don't wanna be a star.

(Soon.)

LISA: I don't believe we're going to Disneyland! (The Simpsons are in the car, driving) Hey, this isn't Disneyland! It's an recording studio!

QUIMBY: Well, Lisa! This is, eh, the recording studio! This is were you will, er, practise for your single!

LISA: I DON'T WANT A SINGLE!

QUIMBY: C'mon, little girl! (he drags her out of the car into the building.)

(After a long practise.)

QUIMBY: Now, you've practised the music and it's been taped. Now, you haveta, eh, sing!

LISA: I can't sing the blues. Not without. a memorial of Mr. Murphy.

QUIMBY: Ok, I'll search the music poster room. (Quimby leaves and comes back.) This'im?

LISA: Yes. (Lisa hangs it on the wall.) Ahem. (Music starts.)

Lift me, won't you lift me,
Above the old routine,
Make it wise,
Play it clean,

Jazzman!
When the jazzman's testifyin',
The faithless man believes,
That he can sing you inta paradise,
Or bring ya to ya knees!
Jazzman!
Oh, Jazzman!
(Lisa continues.)

QUIMBY: Well done. Stop the tape, Bobby. (Bobby stops the tape.) (Lisa walks out. She eyes the machine as Bobby leaves. She presses record. She runs in the room again.)

LISA: Stardom isn't everything. Don't buy this. If you have, take it back! I shouldn't be getting this money. People like, Mr. Bleeding Gums Murphy should take the praise. Not me.
I didn't win the chance for stardom fairly. I won in a competition. Other people take years to practise this, and they get the reward that I'm getting for nothing. Well, destroy my star. I'm not a singer or musician. I'm nothing but an 8-year old, who won a competition. Bye.

(Soon, the single has been released. Everyone hears the ending. Everyone agrees, and does as stated.)

(Next day, at school, in assembly hall)

SKINNER: As of Lisa Simpson, we will be holding no more future MFWRLJ. Thank you.

CROWD: Way to go, Lisa. / Thanks a lot.

(At home, Bart runs into Lisa's room)

BART: I won! I won the Krusty Talent Show! I'm a star!